

The room was dark, filled with old, rotten, and messy floors. Strange roots covered most of the surface. The walls and ceiling were deteriorated and decayed. A strange, pungent smell filled the air, and as it slowly reached his nose, Ahnaf opened his eyes. It was his dining room, or what was left of it. He slowly stood up, wondering what had happened to this place. He called out for his mother. There was silence—not even a single chirping of a bird or the creeping of an insect. At that moment, if he listened closely, he could even hear his own heartbeat.



He looked around for the outside door, and as he stepped out, he was horrified. Everything was empty. The streets, the houses—everything around him was devoid of life. But that wasn't the strangest part. The strangest part was the strange roots and dead trees covering every object around him. Everyone believed that when we are gone, Mother Earth would reclaim everything we had built. But here, there wasn't a single ounce of greenery. Instead, everything was replaced by something that could only be described as rotten and dead. What had happened to this place?

He walked, searching for answers, for anyone—just anyone—in this dying world. He wandered along the city streets. Massive skyscrapers were now all but broken down, replaced by massive dead trees devoid of leaves. Huge craters marred the roads, with giant ash-colored roots emerging from them. Everything felt dead. Not a single soul was present.



Suddenly, a massive pulse emanated from a dead tree, causing the world to tremble. In the distance, Ahnaf spotted a figure running towards him. But as the moments passed, he realized the figure wasn't running towards him but away from something. Soon, he understood what it was—a massive stream of roots erupting from the ground, chasing the figure. It looked like a tidal wave of roots, surging forward with relentless force.

Ahnaf's heart pounded as he watched the scene unfold. The figure was desperately trying to outrun the roots, but it was a futile effort. The roots moved with an eerie, unstoppable momentum, consuming

everything in their path. Buildings crumbled, streets cracked, and the air was filled with the sound of destruction.

Without a second thought, Ahnaf turned and started running. He glanced back, but the figure was nowhere to be seen, swallowed by the relentless stream of roots. The roots were still coming, ever closer, and Ahnaf knew he couldn't outrun them forever. The roots covered a wide area, destroying everything in their wake.

Ahnaf's mind raced as he ran. He had superhuman strength, but what good was strength against thousands of roots coming at him from all directions? The ground beneath him shook, and the air was thick with the scent of decay. He had no choice but to keep running, hoping to find a way to escape the relentless onslaught.



Suddenly, Ahnaf saw the same figure ahead of him. Now he could see clearly. The man wore a brownish hood with a robe, resembling an ancient magician. Purple tints on various parts of his clothing showed signs of corrosion. The figure raised his hand towards Ahnaf, and tiny purple balls of light began forming at each of his fingertips. He whispered something inaudible, and Ahnaf, acting on instinct, sprinted towards him and threw a punch. But as his hand met the face of the hooded figure, it passed through as if the figure was transparent.

Ahnaf quickly turned back and saw the tiny balls of light growing larger. The figure's eyes glowed with an eerie purple hue as he chanted incantations. The balls of light shot out from his hands, splitting into multiple beams that targeted the stream of roots from various angles. The beams exploded with a deafening bang, creating a massive fire that halted the roots in their tracks and incinerated most of them.

The air crackled with residual energy, and the ground shook from the force of the explosion. The hooded figure then raised both hands, summoning a swirling vortex of purple energy. The vortex expanded, creating a barrier that pushed back the remaining roots. Sparks of magic danced around the figure, illuminating the desolate landscape with an otherworldly glow.

The man looked back at Ahnaf. Ahnaf thought he was looking at him, but no, he was looking through him as if he wasn't even there. Ahnaf saw another stream of roots coming towards him. The figure

looked up at the sky and spoke, "I know you are there; I know this is just another cycle... and with each cycle, the voices grow louder... So, if you are there..."

Then he looked straight at Ahnaf. "... Let her die."

The figure then conjured some kind of portal and rushed inside, leaving Ahnaf at the mercy of the roots. Ahnaf tried to follow, but he simply passed through the portal as if he was nothing but a specter.

Ahnaf turned to face the stream of roots, ready to confront the inevitable. As the roots reached him, they passed through his body, causing his vision to darken. Within that darkness, he heard voices—familiar yet unknown, pleading and desperate.

Oh no Ahnaf, what have I done...!

How could I have done this to you...!

I am sorry I... I am not myself anymore...!

Come back.... Please Stop me ...

Without you... I will... I WILL... E N D T H I S W O R L D ...!!!!!!!

The scream jolted Ahnaf awake from his bed. Panting and sweating profusely, he looked around him. The posters on the wall were blue in color. It was his room. He tried to get up, but he couldn't. He felt

weak and dizzy. Looking down, he saw that he was strapped to the bed with leather belts, his hands cuffed with four different handcuffs. Maybe they weren't enough to hold him down, but the sedative being administered had weakened him significantly. He struggled to free himself from the binds, but it was futile. Just then, the door opened, and Ruvana entered.

"Ahnaf? You woke up again?"

"Ma... what... are you doing to me... why...?" Ahnaf whispered in a soft and dizzy voice.

"I am sorry, Ahnaf... I... We had no other choice... Don't worry... just today, it is all going to be okay from tomorrow."

"To...Tomorrow... what do you mean..."

Ruvana picked up a nearby syringe. "Don't worry, tomorrow you won't remember anything about this... Today is the 10th, of course —"

In that moment, everything came rushing back to Ahnaf—the heist, the documents, his father, Zain, everything. Most importantly, he remembered the significance of the 10th of January, the day when both Heartland bosses would meet up, and what his father had said:

"It is time for Mid-Nite's last ride."

At that moment, something within Ahnaf shifted. Sweat poured down his face as his vision sharpened. It was as if, upon realizing what lay ahead, his body began to adapt to the chemicals coursing through his veins. Summoning every ounce of strength, he pulled his hands apart, shattering the handcuffs with a resounding clank. Ruvana stared in disbelief as metal fragments flew past her eyes—this was beyond anything she had anticipated. She rushed forward, trying to hold Ahnaf in place.

"Mom... Don't!.. I won't lose Dad again!!! Don't stop me!!!"

With a gentle yet firm push, he stood up from the bed, tearing apart the straps that bound him.

"Ahnaf... Please don't—"

Ignoring her desperate plea, Ahnaf swiftly opened his wardrobe and dashed downstairs, grabbing his orange jacket and face mask. He glanced back at his mother, who stood on the stairs, her eyes filled with tears, begging him not to go.

"I'm sorry, Ma... But... I can't let anyone die... and Dad being there won't stop them, it never did. He has tried. What is the point of doing this over and over? I am going, and I will return, I promise you that. Please don't... cry."

He left with slight tears in his eyes. As he opened the door, the sky was painted in hues of orange, signaling the approach of evening. He thought to himself, 'I was lucky enough to be given this power...

and I am not going to waste it sitting idle, doing nothing when my own family is in danger. I finally have a father now. I am not going to let him be gone forever like this... I—'

"You are not going anywhere..." There stood Blur, clad in a green outfit, blocking his path.

"You... why are you here? Why aren't you helping Mid-Nite? He is alone there!! Darn it... why is everyone abandoning him!!!"
Immortal screamed, his voice filled with frustration and desperation.

Blur replied, "Because my leg has not healed completely... but I have enough speed left to take you down, Immortal."

Ahnaf clenched his fists, his resolve hardening. "Well then... Bring it on, BLUR!"

I burst out running around him in a circle, creating a barrier of wind. From time to time, I jumped in, landing hits. I moved in and started punching him, delivering left and right hooks hard at his face. Moving at possibly 500 mph, he didn't have time to react. He saw me as a blur, while I saw all his movements in slow motion, like a turtle. He threw jabs left and right, but none hit me as I kept pummeling him over and over across his body. I couldn't match Immortal in strength, but I could wear him down with my speed.

I threw a right hook at his face. "Give it up!"

Then one on the left, "Immortal! You can't..."

I started moving in circles again, then straight jabbed at his back.
"Beat me!!!"

Ahnaf staggered but quickly regained his footing. His eyes burned with determination. He swung wildly, trying to catch me, but I was too fast. I darted in and out, landing blows on his ribs, his shoulders, his legs. Each hit was precise, calculated to wear him down.

"You're too slow, Immortal!" I taunted, landing a swift kick to his side.

Ahnaf growled in frustration, his muscles tensing. He tried to anticipate my movements, but I was always one step ahead. I could see the strain in his eyes, the desperation. He knew he couldn't keep up with my speed.

I launched myself at him, delivering a flurry of punches to his midsection. "Just give up!"

But Ahnaf wasn't one to back down. With a roar, he swung his arm in a wide arc, trying to catch me off guard. I ducked under his swing and delivered a powerful uppercut to his jaw. He stumbled back, but still, he didn't fall.

"Why won't you stay down?" I muttered, circling him again.

Ahnaf's breathing was heavy, labored. Sweat dripped down his face, but his resolve never wavered. He planted his feet firmly on the ground, ready to face me head-on.

"Because I won't let you stop me from saving my family!!!," he said, his voice steady despite the exhaustion.

I charged at him again, but this time, he was ready. He sidestepped my attack and grabbed my arm, using my momentum against me. I felt a sharp pain as he twisted my arm, but I quickly spun out of his grip and landed a kick to his chest.

We continued to exchange blows, each of us pushing our limits. The air crackled with tension, the sound of our fight echoing through the empty streets. I could feel my energy waning, but I couldn't let him win. Not when so much was at stake.

With a final burst of speed, I launched myself at Ahnaf, aiming for a knockout blow. But he met me head-on, his fist colliding with mine in a powerful clash. The impact sent shockwaves through both of us, and we were thrown back, panting and bruised.

"You're strong, Immortal," I admitted, struggling to catch my breath. "But I won't let you stop me."

Ahnaf wiped the blood from his lip and nodded. "Then let's finish this."



But then something strange happened. Before, he would flinch with each of my hits. Now, nothing seemed to affect him. All this happened in the span of a minute, though for me, it felt like five. Soon, my legs started hurting, and I began to slow down. I saw him clenching his fist and lowering his legs. I knew what he was going to do—he was about to jump. But I wasn't going to let him do that. I stopped circling around him and ran towards him, ready to deliver a cross punch with all my speed. I was putting everything into that one punch.

But that was where I was wrong. It was his trick; he placed his left hand forward in a jabbing position towards my head, and I was too fast to slow down. I got punched in the face with a loud bang, which sent me flying backward, crashing over the pavement headfirst, grazing and burning the pavement. It pained... It pained a lot. Blood started running down my forehead. It wasn't a grave injury, but the pain was intense.

I struggled to get up, my vision blurred. I could see Ahnaf standing there, his eyes filled with determination. I couldn't give up now. I pushed myself to my feet and charged at him again, using all my remaining speed. I darted around him, landing quick jabs and kicks, but he seemed unfazed. Each hit felt like it was doing nothing.

Ahnaf swung his fist, and I barely dodged it. I tried to counter with a punch to his ribs, but he blocked it effortlessly. I could feel my energy waning, my movements becoming slower. Ahnaf took advantage of my fatigue, landing a powerful blow to my chest that knocked the wind out of me.

I stumbled back, gasping for air. "Why... won't you... listen?" I panted, trying to catch my breath.

Ahnaf's eyes burned with resolve. "Because I won't be whole again if I do," he said, his voice steady despite the exhaustion.

I knew I had to give it everything I had. I pushed through the pain and launched myself at him, moving as fast as I could. I landed a series of rapid punches, but Ahnaf blocked each one with ease. He

grabbed my arm and twisted it, sending a jolt of pain through my body. I tried to break free, but his grip was like iron.

With a roar, Ahnaf lifted me off the ground and threw me across the street. I crashed into a wall, the impact sending shockwaves through my body. I slumped to the ground, barely able to move. Ahnaf approached, his steps heavy and deliberate.

"I am sorry, bud, but this is something I must do... Don't try to stop me," Immortal said, his voice heavy with determination.

"We all want to protect you... come on, dude... try to understand!!!" I replied, clenching my head in frustration.

"That's where you're wrong... I became what I am, not to protect myself... but to protect you. All of you. I can't stand idle while the ones close to me are in grave danger, now that I have the power to protect them. I'm sorry, Blur... But I have to go... I will save everyone."

People in the neighborhood slowly started gathering after all the ruckus caused by us. At least I had enough strength to run away from prying eyes. So, I ran. As I ran, I saw Immortal in the distance, jumping from one house to another, making his way to the farmlands in the west. I hope he stays safe.



On the other side of town, further down the countryside, stood a huge two-storied mansion surrounded by lush green fields. The mansion, though old, retained an air of elegance and grandeur. A small fountain, with crystal-clear water gently cascading, stood in front of the main door. The mansion's white walls, though slightly weathered, still gleamed with a timeless beauty. Ivy gracefully climbed the sides, adding to its charm.

Towards the back of the mansion was a meticulously maintained hedge maze, its paths winding and inviting. The maze led to one of the mansion's backdoors, a sturdy wooden door with ornate iron

hinges. In front of the door stood two guards, dressed in grey suits. They were engaged in a heated conversation, their faces turned away from each other in disagreement. The guards' stern expressions and the tension in their voices added to the mysterious atmosphere of the place.

The mansion's windows were large and clear, with elegant curtains framing each one. The garden, though slightly overgrown, still held a sense of order and beauty, with vibrant flowers and neatly trimmed bushes. The air was filled with the scent of blooming flowers and the distant sound of birds chirping. It was a place that seemed to hold many secrets, waiting to be uncovered.

"Agh, what will happen today?"

"What do you think is going to happen? If the boss doesn't turn over the gang to Khan, he's going to get pummeled, that's what."

"But it isn't like the boss at all. He would never take on something without a plan. I'm sure he has something up his sleeve."

"Against whom? Khan? He's an invincible murder machine... Nothing ever worked against him, and nothing will!.. Bah, you got silent, eh? No rebuttals now, huh..."

He turned around, and the second guard was nowhere to be seen.

"HUHHHH!!!"

Then his vision went dark as a sharp jolt of electricity ran through his head. Up on the wall, there was a dark figure. As it jumped down to the back door, the light revealed his face clearly. It was Mid-Nite, and all he did was poke both guards with his electrifying batons on their heads. He thought to himself, "This is just the beginning. I have to be swift and silent. The real challenge lies ahead."

The main door is heavily guarded with cameras everywhere. Good thing I placed the hacking device when I did. Since it is not as secure as the bank was, I have enough time to reach the boss easily. From what I have learned all these years, beyond this door is a long hallway leading up to the stairs. The room where the meeting is being held is in the middle of the second floor, across another long hallway. The area is mapped in my head, but the only thing I need to worry about are the guards."

He opened the door and crept in, crouching his legs slowly. It was a dimly lit room with faint yellow light coming from a bulb in the middle of the hallway. A couple of guards could be seen patrolling the hallway, moving from one end to the other. Only a couple of seconds before Mid-Nite would become visible to them. He clicked something on his gloves, and they emitted a soft, stirring electrifying noise. He then placed those gloves on the wall and started climbing onto the ceiling, out of sight of all the guards. As he moved closer towards the middle, he became more and more visible on the ceiling. Mid-Nite threw a kunai from his gadget pack, and the bulb shattered, darkening the entire room.

Before the guards even had time to react, he threw one of his batons towards the guard at the end of the hallway. It landed straight on his head, causing him to collapse. Mid-Nite then jumped down, grabbing hold of the guard behind him by the neck, causing him to faint as well. He moved swiftly and silently, his movements precise and calculated.



'I cannot make much noise here. One wrong move and everything is done for. I need to take them out... all at once. Well time to test out this new baby here.'

As he approached the next guard, he used his grappling hook to swing silently above him, landing softly behind the guard. With a quick, fluid motion, he applied a chokehold, rendering the guard unconscious within seconds. He gently lowered the guard to the ground, ensuring no noise was made.

Mid-Nite continued down the hallway, his senses heightened. He spotted another guard near the door leading to the stairs. He threw a small smoke bomb, creating a cloud of smoke that disoriented the guard. Using the cover of the smoke, he moved in and delivered a swift, silent takedown, incapacitating the guard with a precise strike to the pressure points.

He then slowly walked towards the end of the hallway, opening the door that led to the set of stairs leading to the second floor. The stairs were narrow, with space in the middle and a brightly lit ceiling light at the top. There were three guards—two at the entrance of the second-floor hallway and one patrolling the stairs.

Mid-Nite waited for the patrolling guard to turn his back before making his move. He climbed the wall silently, using his gloves for grip, and positioned himself above the guard. With a quick drop, he landed on the guard, covering his mouth and delivering a precise strike to the neck, knocking him out cold.

He then turned his attention to the two guards at the entrance of the second-floor hallway. He threw a small device that emitted a high-pitched frequency, causing the guards to clutch their ears in

pain. Taking advantage of their distraction, he moved in swiftly, delivering a series of rapid strikes that incapacitated both guards before they could react.

With the guards subdued, Mid-Nite stood at the entrance of the second-floor hallway, ready to proceed to the room where the meeting was being held. He knew the real challenge lay ahead, but he was prepared for whatever awaited him.

He opened the door, revealing an expansive atrium that provided a breathtaking overview of the large, majestic stairway adorned with a rich red carpet. The stairs connected the ground floor to the first, leading from the grand entrance—a formidable wooden door crafted from sturdy timber. Mid-Nite stood in the middle of the atrium, his eyes fixed on a doorway that led to the room in the center.

'Huff puff... That was intense... just... just a few more steps and it's done. I am nearing my goal... the one I've been pursuing since the day I almost died... Boss... I am coming for you, and unfortunately for you, your plan won't work this time, whatever it is... whatever you are planning... It has fai—'

Suddenly, the main door downstairs crashed open with a thunderous bang. Wooden splinters exploded from the door, scattering across the room and creating a chaotic mess. The sheer force of the door breaking apart and crashing reverberated through the entire mansion, causing Mid-Nite to lose his balance and stumble backward towards the window behind him.

A few moments ago, Immortal reached Steady Acres. The gate was guarded by multiple guards with firearms in hand. But that did not faze Immortal one bit.

'Alright... this is it... They mess with my loved ones; they got hell to pay now. I am going to cripple each and every one of them!'

Immortal jumped out of the nearby bush and crash-landed on one of the guards, delivering a punch to his face. The force of the punch crippled the guard's face, causing a loud crack and a tiny shockwave of wind gushing around them. The next guard readied his weapon to fire, but Immortal quickly grabbed the firearm and clenched his fist around it, causing it to break. He then kicked the guard in the chest, sending him flying towards the wall and crashing through it.

Immortal then grabbed the collars of the two remaining guards and threw them both towards the large metal gate, breaking open the locked gate and shattering their bones in the process.

Watching the scene, one of the guards on the inside ran for the alarm switch. He tapped on the red alarm switch located on a nearby tree. He pressed it, but nothing happened.

"OMG DARN IT!! WHY ISN'T IT WO—"

The guard was cut off as Immortal punched him in the face, launching him across the archway. The remaining guards, realizing the imminent threat, scrambled towards the main door, readying their weapons. Just as they were about to fire, Immortal sprang into action.

With lightning speed, he dashed towards the guards, weaving through the hail of bullets. He grabbed one guard by the arm, twisting it and disarming him in one fluid motion. Using the guard as a shield, he charged forward, knocking down two more guards with powerful kicks.

The guards tried to regroup, but Immortal was relentless. He leaped into the air, delivering a spinning kick that sent another guard crashing into the wall. He then grabbed a nearby tree branch, swinging around it to gain momentum before launching himself at the remaining guards.

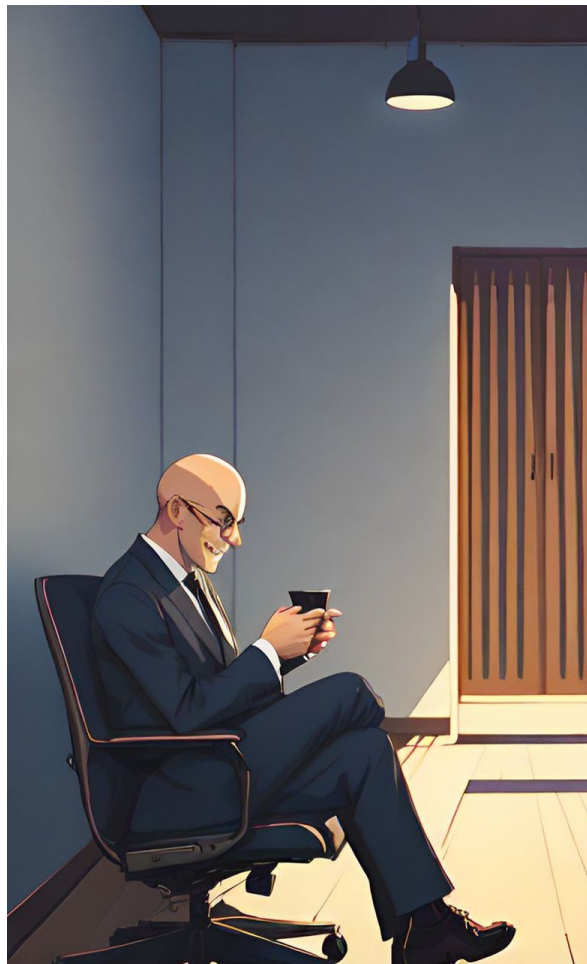
With a series of rapid punches and kicks, he incapacitated the last of the guards, leaving them sprawled on the ground. Immortal stood amidst the fallen guards, his chest heaving with exertion. He glanced around and a new batch of guard came running in readying their weapons.

Immortal was nowhere to be found. The guards were confused—how could someone vanish when there was no place to hide? But they were wrong. Immortal wasn't hiding. He was up in the air, clenching both his hands together, ready to strike.

And then it happened. Immortal crash-landed near them, causing the guards to be hurled in various directions. The impact was so powerful that it shattered the nearby door, sending splinters flying and one of its frames crashing onto the large stairway.

As the dust settled, Immortal slowly walked up the stairs, his eyes fixed on the door in front of him. Each step was deliberate, his resolve unshaken. He knew that beyond that door lay the answers he sought, and he was ready to face whatever awaited him.

'I am sure he is there... Boss or Khan or whatever they are. I will destroy them and end this threat once and for all... What was Dad even on about? Me in danger? Me, of all people, when I have destroyed everyone and everything standing in my way... You were wrong, Dad... not just wrong but also late... You'll see when I am done with them.'



He pushed the door open, revealing a large room with a single table at the far end. Beyond it was a large glass window, and behind the table, sitting on a chair, was The Boss, Ramsey, or whatever he was known as. Beside the table stood a towering figure, about 8 feet tall, all beefed up with muscle and wearing a mask.

"Ramsey, Khan, or whatever your name is... your reign ends today. Don't think for a second that I would let you go... You all will die now!" Immortal declared sternly.

"Heh... Hehe... bwahahaha!!! You! You are this naive after all... oh my lord, this is better than I expected!" Ramsey started laughing uncontrollably, his voice echoing through the room.

Immortal's eyes narrowed as he took in the scene. The laughter grated on his nerves, but he remained focused. He knew this was the moment he had been preparing for, the moment to end the threat once and for all.



Immortal's rage ignited like a wildfire, propelling him towards Ramsey with a clenched fist, ready to deliver a devastating hook. Every ounce of his anger and strength was channeled into that single punch. Just as his fist was about to connect with Ramsey's face, a massive palm intercepted the blow. The impact created a shockwave that sent nearby objects flying, but the palm remained unmoved. It belonged to the towering, muscle-bound figure of Khan.

Immortal's eyes widened in shock as he stared at his fist, still pressed against Khan's unyielding hand.

"Huh... wha... but how is that even possible... I used almost all my strength, then how—"

Before he could finish his thought, a colossal left hook from Khan collided with Immortal's face, sending him hurtling across the room. He crashed into the wall with a thunderous impact, causing it to crack and splinter. Immortal slumped to the ground, momentarily dazed, his hand trembling as he looked at it in disbelief.

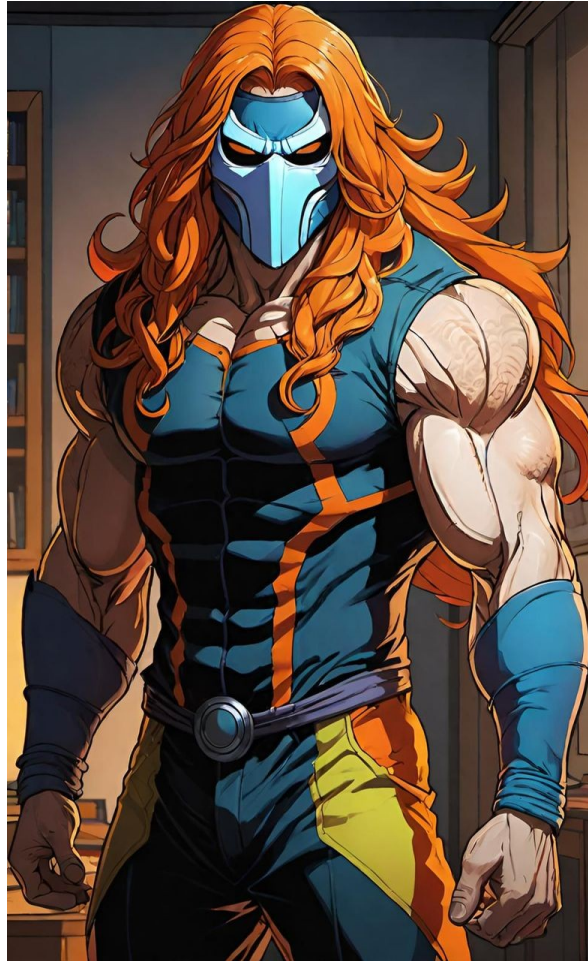


Immortal's mind raced as he tried to comprehend the situation. "Wha... what happened... how did this happen... I..." He quickly stood up, his voice filled with rage and determination. "I AM GOING TO KILL YOU!!!"

With a burst of speed, he charged towards Khan. Khan, anticipating the attack, prepared to strike again. But Immortal, driven by sheer willpower, swiftly dodged to the right, sliding past Khan's blow. He aimed a powerful hook at Khan's ribs, but to his astonishment, it had no effect. Immortal's eyes widened in disbelief.

'What is going on... this has never happened before... All my hits have the same destructive force as they did before, then how are none affecting him!'

Khan, unfazed, retaliated with a swift backhand swing, catching Immortal off guard. The force of the blow sent Immortal crashing into the nearby wall once more. Blood trickled down from a wound on his head, but he refused to give in.



'How is he doing this... No... get a hold of yourself, Ahnaf... it is no time to wonder why... I NEED TO DEFEAT HIM NO MATTER WHAT!'

Immortal stood up and cracked his knuckles, a determined glint in his eyes. "Alright... time to get serious!"

With a burst of speed, he sprinted towards Khan. As Khan readied another punch, Immortal slid down between his legs, dodging the blow. He attempted a leg sweep, but Khan's legs remained immovable. Quickly recovering, Immortal jumped backward just in time to avoid a massive chop from Khan. The chop missed him by

an inch, and without losing a moment, Immortal delivered a powerful punch to Khan's head as it was bent down.

He swiftly slid to the right, dodging Khan's next strike, and landed a punch on his side. Immortal continued this pattern, evading each of Khan's attacks with agility and precision, and countering with rapid strikes.

'Right... just as Mid-Nite taught me, evade and attack... Look for an opening, any opening at all to do an attack... don't give the enemy a chance to recover. But... how am I supposed to defeat him... none of my hits have any effect.'

Immortal's movements became a blur as he ducked, weaved, and spun around Khan, delivering a flurry of punches and kicks. He aimed for pressure points, joints, and vulnerable spots, but each strike seemed to bounce off Khan's impenetrable body. Khan's accuracy improved with each attempt, his strikes becoming more precise and dangerous.

Immortal's heart pounded in his chest as he realized the gravity of the situation. Khan's sheer power and resilience were unlike anything he had ever faced. The scariest part was that Khan barely moved from his spot, absorbing Immortal's attacks without flinching.

Determined not to give up, Immortal decided to change his approach. He leaped onto a nearby wall, using it as a springboard to launch himself at Khan from above. He aimed a powerful kick at Khan's head, hoping to catch him off guard. Khan raised his arm to

block, but Immortal twisted in mid-air, redirecting his kick to Khan's side.

The impact was solid, but Khan remained unfazed. Immortal landed gracefully and immediately rolled to the side, avoiding a crushing blow from Khan. He continued to use his agility to stay one step ahead, darting around the room and striking from unexpected angles.

As Immortal continued his relentless assault, Khan's eyes narrowed, finally discerning a pattern in his movements. Just as Immortal was about to land another blow, Khan's instincts kicked in. With lightning speed, he recovered and readied his fist for a powerful jab.

Immortal barely had time to react. He crossed his arms in front of him, bracing for the impact. Khan's fist collided with Immortal's crossed arms with a thunderous force, sending shockwaves through his body. The sheer power of the blow was overwhelming, and despite his best efforts to block it, Immortal was hurled backward.

He crashed into the wall with a bone-jarring impact, the force of the collision causing the wall to crack and splinter. Dust and debris filled the air as Immortal slumped to the ground, momentarily dazed. His arms throbbed with pain, and he could feel the bruises forming from the sheer force of Khan's punch.



Immortal couldn't believe what was happening. The situation took a drastic turn as Khan started charging towards him, giving him barely any time to react.

'Oh no no no, I don't have any time to react... I need to block it!'

Ahnaf crossed his arms over his chest just as Khan, veins bulging on his clenched fist, threw a powerful punch. The impact was immense, sending Immortal crashing through the wall and tumbling down the stairs.

"Agghhhh... AHHHHHH!!!" Blood spurted from Immortal's mouth as he cried out in pain.

But Khan wasn't done. Without wasting a moment, he leapt through the broken wall, aiming to finish Immortal off. Immortal rolled to the side, narrowly dodging Khan's attack, and tumbled down the stairs. He quickly recovered, just in time to evade another devastating blow as Khan unleashed a relentless flurry of attacks. Each strike was powerful enough to create tiny craters in the floor.

'If this... keeps up... I won't be able to hold out any longer... who the hell is this man!'

Immortal's mind raced as he tried to find a way to counter Khan's overwhelming strength. He knew he couldn't keep dodging forever. He needed to find a way to turn the tide of the battle, to exploit any weakness Khan might have. With every ounce of determination



Immortal's eyes widened in fear—a fear he had long forgotten. He had always been brave, brave enough to fight back against bullies, brave enough to run towards an armed man to save his mother, and even braver when he received his powers. But now, at this very moment, he felt fear gripping his heart. His heart rate skyrocketed. He was afraid of losing to Khan, afraid of what would happen to his family if he were defeated, and most importantly, afraid of dying.

Khan's relentless assault left Immortal with no room to dodge. Each time he evaded a blow, Khan's movements became faster and more precise. Immortal's agility was being pushed to its limits. He

sidestepped, ducked, and rolled, but with each passing second, Khan's strikes came closer and closer to landing.

Immortal's breath came in ragged gasps as he narrowly avoided another devastating punch. He could feel the wind from Khan's fist as it whooshed past his face. His muscles burned with exhaustion, and his mind raced to find a way out of this dire situation.

'If this keeps up... I won't be able to hold out any longer... who the hell is this man!'

Khan's eyes gleamed with a predatory intensity as he closed the distance between them. Immortal's movements became more desperate, his dodges less effective. He could feel the crushing weight of Khan's power bearing down on him.

With a final, desperate sidestep, Immortal managed to avoid a direct hit, but Khan's fist grazed his shoulder, sending a jolt of pain through his body. He stumbled, his balance faltering. Khan seized the opportunity, his fist hurtling towards Immortal's chest with unstoppable force.

Immortal crossed his arms over his chest, bracing for the impact. Khan's punch connected with a bone-shattering force, sending Immortal crashing into the staircase. The wooden steps splintered and cracked under the impact, and a massive pile of debris fell upon him as the entire staircase collapsed.

Immortal lay amidst the wreckage, his body battered and bruised. Blood trickled from his mouth, and his vision blurred.

'Is this... is this the end... I have... I still had a lot to live for... I... I can't die like this... My mother, my father, my friend Eric, my love Kelly... I can't abandon them to this monster... I won't die this way... I REFUSE TO!!!'

Under the rubble, Immortal's eyes turned bloodshot red. With every ounce of strength he could muster, he pushed himself up, throwing the pile of wood away. He stood tall, his body battered but his spirit unbroken. With a powerful leap, he launched himself into the air, higher and higher, reaching an astonishing height of 500 feet.

As he soared through the sky, he looked up and took a giant breath in. 'Mom, Dad, Eric, Kelly... This one is for you... for all of you... I WON'T LET ANY HARM COME TO YOU!!!'

He clenched both his hands, feeling the surge of power coursing through his veins. His determination was unwavering, his resolve unbreakable. He raised his fists, ready to deliver a blow that would end this battle once and for all.

With immense speed, he descended from the sky, his target clear in his mind. The wind roared in his ears as he hurtled towards the building, but his focus was solely on Khan. He was going to put all the strength he had left into those two fists.



'I name this... Skyfall.'

Khan looked up, his eyes widening in surprise, as Immortal descended like a bolt of lightning from the heavens. With his fists clenched together, Immortal crashed down onto Khan's chest with a force that defied comprehension. The impact was cataclysmic.

A gigantic shockwave erupted from the point of contact, rippling through the mansion like a hurricane. The sheer force of the blow sent everything within the vicinity flying away from the area of

impact. Furniture was hurled across the room, walls cracked and crumbled, and the very foundation of the mansion shook violently.

The windows shattered into countless shards, scattering like glittering rain. The shockwave continued to expand, creating a massive crater where Immortal's fists had landed. The ground beneath them buckled and caved in, forming a deep, jagged pit.

The strong wind generated by the impact howled through the mansion, carrying debris and dust in a chaotic whirlwind. Objects were launched in every direction, crashing into walls and tumbling down the stairs. The once grand and imposing mansion was now a scene of utter devastation.

For a few more seconds, the powerful gusts of wind continued to blow, as if the very air itself was recoiling from the force of Immortal's attack. The entire structure seemed to groan under the strain, as if it might collapse at any moment.

In the midst of this chaos, Immortal stood tall, his fists still pressed against Khan's chest. His eyes burned with an intensity that matched the destruction around him. He was a force of nature, a pure embodiment of ruination. The sheer power he had unleashed was unlike anything anyone had ever seen.



Dust covered the entire ground floor, making it nearly impossible to see anything. As the dust began to settle, Immortal could be seen in the crater he had created with his shockwave, his hands still clenched on Khan's chest. To his horror, Khan remained unscathed.

'What is going on... how is he still alive... HOW DID MY STRONGEST HIT HAVE NO EFFECT!!!'

Tears welled up in Immortal's eyes as he looked at Khan, slowly accepting his defeat. He knew he had given everything he had, and

yet it wasn't enough. Khan's expression remained cold and unyielding as he grabbed Immortal by the collar.

With a powerful swing, Khan delivered a bone-crushing punch to Immortal's face, the impact resonating with a deafening BANG. Immortal's head snapped back, blood spurting from his nose and mouth. Before he could even react, Khan's fist came down again, and again, each punch more brutal than the last.

The sound of each hit echoed through the ruined mansion, growing louder and more intense with every blow. Khan's relentless assault showed no mercy. Immortal's face began to swell, his vision blurred by the blood streaming from his wounds. His body convulsed with each impact, the pain overwhelming.

Khan's grip on Immortal's collar tightened, preventing any chance of escape. He continued to pummel Immortal, his fists crashing into his face, chest, and ribs. The force of the punches sent shockwaves through Immortal's body, causing him to gasp for breath. His once-strong frame now seemed fragile and broken under Khan's relentless onslaught.

Blood flowed profusely from Immortal's nose, mouth, and head, pooling on the ground beneath him. His face was a mess of bruises and cuts, swelling to the point where he could barely see. Each punch felt like a sledgehammer, driving him closer to unconsciousness.

Khan's eyes gleamed with a ruthless determination as he continued to rain down blows on Immortal. The sheer brutality of the attack was a testament to Khan's overwhelming power and dominance. Immortal's body was battered and broken, his spirit hanging by a thread.

In the midst of the pain and blood, Immortal's thoughts turned to his loved ones. He couldn't let it end like this. He had to find a way to survive, to protect those he cared about. But as Khan's fists continued to pummel him, the darkness threatened to consume him.

Immortal's thoughts were a whirlwind of despair and regret. 'I have lost... this... is the end for me... everyone... I am sorry... you were right... I was not up for it... I shouldn't have come here...'

Khan, with a display of effortless strength, hurled Immortal up towards the first floor. Immortal's body rolled across the floor like a ragdoll, battered and broken. Khan leapt after him, landing with a thud, and picked him up again, gripping him by the neck. He forced Immortal to stand on his two legs, his grip unyielding.

For the first time, Khan spoke, his voice cold and menacing. "You want to see power? This... Is... Power..."



With a slight stomp of his left foot, Khan unleashed a cataclysmic force that reverberated through the entire mansion. The floor beneath them cracked and splintered instantly, sending jagged fissures racing across the ground. The deafening rumbling noise echoed through the air, a testament to the sheer power behind the seemingly insignificant movement.

The walls around them began to crumble, unable to withstand the immense pressure. Chunks of plaster and brick fell away, exposing the skeletal framework of the building. Windows shattered into

countless shards, scattering like glittering rain. The ceiling groaned and sagged, threatening to collapse under the strain.

Furniture was upended and thrown across the room, crashing into walls and tumbling down the stairs. The very foundation of the mansion seemed to buckle and shift, as if the entire structure was on the verge of imploding. Dust and debris filled the air, creating a choking haze that obscured vision and made it difficult to breathe.

The sheer magnitude of the destruction was overwhelming. What Immortal had struggled to achieve with all his strength, Khan had accomplished effortlessly with a mere tap of his foot. The contrast in their power was stark and undeniable, a chilling reminder of the insurmountable challenge Immortal faced.

As the dust began to settle, the true extent of the devastation became clear. The once grand and imposing mansion was now a scene of utter ruin, its walls crumbling and its floors shattered. Khan stood amidst the wreckage, his expression cold and unyielding, a living embodiment of unstoppable power.

Immortal, battered and bruised, could only watch in disbelief as the world around him fell apart. The fear and despair that gripped his heart were almost suffocating, but deep within, a flicker of determination remained. He couldn't give up, not now, not ever. He had to find a way to overcome this seemingly invincible foe.

"And you want to see brilliance? This... is... brilliance!" a familiar voice echoed through the chaos.

A massive explosion erupted behind Khan, catching him off guard. The force of the blast sent him tumbling down to the ground floor, leaving Immortal on the second floor. Khan landed on a strategically placed cluster of land mines, which detonated with a thunderous BOOM! The explosion caused the floor to crack and give way, sending Khan plummeting further down to the basement level.

The basement was filled with water, and as Khan crashed into it, dozens of flashbangs were triggered. They all went off simultaneously, creating a blinding and deafening barrage of light and sound. Khan roared in agony, his vision temporarily lost.

"AAAGGHHHH! Damn you human!!!" Khan screamed, his voice filled with rage and frustration.

Immortal, still reeling from the battle, looked down at the scene below. The familiar voice that had intervened gave him a glimmer of hope.

It was Mid-Nite. He didn't waste a moment and quickly threw a mustard gas grenade down to the basement.

"Take that, you piece of shit!!!" Mid-Nite shouted.

With his mask securely on, he moved swiftly down to the basement, navigating through the chaos. He climbed onto Khan's back and attached a disc-shaped object before leaping out of the hole back to the ground floor.

Taking out a detonator, he placed his thumb on the switch. "This is for my son, you son of a..."

He pressed the button, and sparks began to fly in the basement. The water amplified the effect, causing Khan to be violently electrocuted. The electricity coursed through his body, causing him to flinch. The combination of mustard gas and electrocution was taking its toll, inflicting even more damage on the seemingly invincible foe.



Mid-Nite then quickly moved to the first floor, searching for Immortal. He found him and quickly got him on his lap.

"Ahnaf!!! Oh no no, my boy, look at what he has done to you! Damn it, that piece of shit!"

"I... am... sorry... dad... I did not mean... to..." Immortal replied, gasping for air.

"Hush, it's all okay now... we are okay now... I have taken ca—"

"But... dad... he is behind..." Immortal replied.

Mid-Nite's eyes widened, and before he had any time to react, he was punched hard from his right, flung towards the wall, crashing into it. Mid-Nite could feel his bones shattering from within. It was Khan, with incredible anger in his eyes. Without wasting another moment, Khan jumped on Mid-Nite, clenching his fist and smashing it onto his chest. The entire upper portion of the floor broke, causing them all to fall to the ground.

"Dad!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" Ahnaf started to crawl towards him, but he was nowhere to be seen in the rubble. Just then, the dust cleared. Immortal saw Mid-Nite being held by his hair with Khan's hand.

But before Khan could deliver another blow, Mid-Nite activated a hidden gadget on his wrist. A burst of blinding light erupted from his suit, temporarily disorienting Khan. Mid-Nite took advantage of the momentary distraction, reaching into his utility belt and pulling out a smoke bomb. He threw it at the ground, enveloping the area in thick, obscuring smoke.

Using the cover, Mid-Nite slipped out of Khan's grip and rolled to the side. He quickly deployed a series of traps, including tripwires and explosive charges, strategically placed around the room. As Khan stumbled through the smoke, he triggered one of the tripwires, setting off a chain reaction of explosions that rocked the entire floor.

Khan roared in frustration, his vision still impaired by the blinding light and smoke. Mid-Nite didn't let up. He pulled out a grappling hook and fired it at the ceiling, using it to swing across the room and gain some distance. From his elevated position, he launched a barrage of mini-drones equipped with tasers, sending them to swarm around Khan and deliver electric shocks.

Khan swatted at the drones, but their relentless assault slowed him down. Mid-Nite took the opportunity to throw a series of adhesive grenades, which exploded on impact and coated Khan in a sticky, immobilizing substance. Khan struggled against the adhesive, his movements becoming more sluggish.

Mid-Nite landed back on the ground, pulling out a high-frequency sonic emitter. He activated it, sending out waves of sound designed to disorient and incapacitate. Khan clutched his head, roaring in pain as the sonic waves assaulted his senses.

But despite the onslaught of gadgets and traps, Khan's sheer strength and resilience allowed him to break free from the adhesive and push through. With a furious roar, he lunged at Mid-Nite, grabbing him by the neck and lifting him off the ground.

Mid-Nite struggled, using every gadget at his disposal to fight back, but Khan's grip was unyielding. The two of them crashed through the debris, the floor splintering beneath them. Mid-Nite's gadgets had bought them some time, but Khan's relentless power was proving to be an overwhelming force.



"It's okay, kiddo... My whole life has always been about myself... I... cough cough... all I did before now... I did to satisfy my own ego... I am sorry to have brought this upon you, but hey... we can't change the past, can we? But you know... regardless of everything... doesn't matter how little time I got to spend with you... those were the most precious moments of my life, and I will treasure them forever... You know... I always wanted to go out with a bang...."

Mid-Nite's voice was filled with a mixture of regret and love as he spoke. His eyes, though filled with pain, held a softness that spoke of cherished memories. He coughed, blood staining his lips, but he continued to speak, his words carrying the weight of a lifetime of unspoken emotions.

As he spoke, memories of the time he spent training Ahnaf and me flooded his mind. He remembered the first time he saw Ahnaf's potential, the determination in his eyes, and the unwavering spirit that reminded him so much of himself. He recalled the countless hours spent honing Ahnaf's skills, pushing him to his limits, and watching him grow stronger with each passing day.

He remembered the laughter, the camaraderie, and the bond that formed between us. The moments of triumph and the lessons learned from failure. The pride he felt when Ahnaf mastered a new technique, and the silent understanding we shared during the toughest of times.

And then there was me. He remembered the way I stood by Ahnaf's side, always ready to support and protect him. The way we trained together, pushing each other to be better, stronger. The way we both looked up to him, not just as a mentor, but as a father figure.

Tears welled up in Mid-Nite's eyes as he looked at Ahnaf, his heart breaking at the sight of his battered and bruised son. "I... I am so proud of you, Ahnaf... You've become everything I hoped you would

be... and more. You have a strength that goes beyond your powers... a strength of heart and spirit."

He coughed again, his grip on Ahnaf's hand tightening. "Eric... you take care of Ahnaf for me."

I quickly arrived, holding Immortal by his arms. "Yes, sir, I promise."

Mid-Nite's eyes softened as he looked at us both, a small, bittersweet smile forming on his lips. "Thank you... both of you... for giving me a chance to be a part of your lives... for giving me something to fight for... something to believe in."



Khan was about to throw Mid-Nite away, but Mid-Nite forcefully latched onto him. With all his might, he pressed a button on his suit, causing it to start blinking red and blue.

"C4 explosive, heh... This is the end for you, big guy... the entire floor is rigged with dozens of them... this is the harshest of falls... hahaha... KABOOM!!!"

Immortal looked back at the complex as it started exploding. The sound was deafening, the shockwaves reverberating through the air. The entire structure began to collapse, engulfed in a series of

powerful blasts. Debris flew in all directions, and the ground shook violently.

I carried Immortal on my back, running as fast as I could. I knew something like this was going to happen if Ahnaf showed up. I bet Ramsey planned this from the very start. But this incident made us realize how grave the situation truly was. At least we would be safe for now.

I glanced back at Ahnaf. He was crying, tears streaming down his battered face. But then I noticed something alarming—his breathing was shallow, and his eyes were starting to close. No, wait... is he dying? Panic surged through me as I ran faster and faster, ignoring the pain in my leg. At that very moment, all I could think was:

'Hang in there, Ahnaf... please, just hang in there...'

The explosions continued to roar behind us, but my focus was solely on getting Ahnaf to safety. I couldn't let him die, not after everything we had been through. I pushed myself to the limit, my heart pounding in my chest, determined to save my friend.

Ahnaf's thoughts swirled as his strength ebb away.

'Why does this always happen to me? What have I done to deserve this? I just got my family back... My father, I was whole again for a moment... I wanted to do so many things together with my dad, going out on bike rides with him, visiting the carnival in town, introducing him to my beloved Kelly... but now it will always remain

a dream... The power that I have... what is its use if I am the only one who keeps getting saved every time... Maybe they were right... I am nothing without them saving me under every occasion. I had been wrong all along, I believed myself to be indestructible but look at me now... I... I can feel my heart slowing down, is this the end... why is it so cold... heh funny, isn't it... I called myself the Immortal but was I really Immortal???'



